

The Women of Modern Genoa - 1928

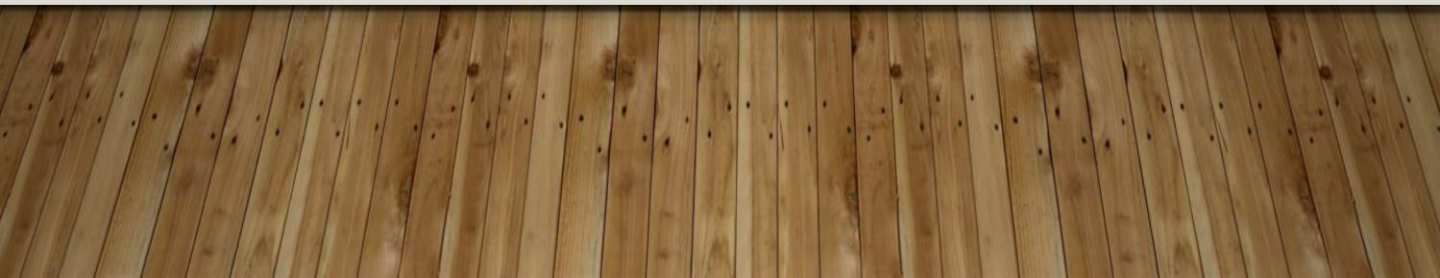
A Genoa Watercolour



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*“It is deeds not words
that will change the
world and I don’t need
256 characters to prove
that!”*

- Emil 2019





Emil

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD.

From the Desk of Seine LaGone, President,
WWWG Productions Ltd

Welcome to yet another insight into the warped life and times of Emil and an interesting collection from a time before the world became serious, vicious and definitely, Politically Correct (PC) with angry “Woke” trolls prowling the streets and alleys of the internet while lusting for a return of Soviet-Era Show Trials to properly re-educate all us victims of their Brave New “Woke” World Order...

Senator Joe McCarthy would be so very proud of them!

Sorry! We here at WWWG have been swamped by outraged, Ukrainian “Woke” Trolls from the DNC Call Centre {just outside Kiev or so I have been told that it is}

I REALLY LONG FOR THE WORLD AS IT ONCE WAS...

No! Not to relive all of our well documented shortcomings nor any of the mindless (in fact) the utter, the senseless vestiges of racism (I lived in the South in that Era...) as it was practiced...

But where I was free to speak my mind anytime!

I remember cheering, offering supper and a place to sleep to a bus load of weary Freedom Riders when they came through our little town in Central Florida – which caused my family great social pain and isolate afterwards.



Now, to have a bunch of 20+ year-old, “Woke” Wonkers calling me a Jim Crow Racist, this is beyond belief or any sense of humor that I might have had at the start of that conversation...

Anyway, Emil fans and badly needed supporters...

What does this have to do with Emil?

Nothing but everything because their attacks were about him!

Help us keep the right to common sense and decency alive!

Buy some of Emil’s books!

Seine LaGone



Emil

MISSED YOU RECENTLY...

Have you been on vacation?
When did you get out of jail?
Weren't in jail, you say?

OH well, Camper!

Nothing much new going on about here but if there was, Seine would have forced me into silence other than his constant chorus about "buy the other books to keep up to date..."

Makes me feel like an old-time used car salesman (Opps! I meant to say "person") or a tacky "as seen on TV" spokesperson who will tempt you with blindly, massive discounts off suggested retail prices (who suggests?), throw in a complete set of imported Chinese Steel chopsticks and maybe, even "Free" Shipping to the first 50 callers...Call 1-900-this sucks...

If you have not figured it out yet, Seine is on another of his "we are here to make money" moods but, there are several new books on the Amazon shelf for which I will gladly earn a few pennies more of my slave wages from WWWG.



Emil

MISSED YOU RECENTLY...

Of course, well hidden in each is yet another series of the “Bold, Brave Tales” of kind Emil each steeped in these madding ramblings is some brilliant thoughts, observations and an occasionally funny story or two where I am left by Old Lady Luck and her pit-bull, Karma hanging upside down on some rather muddy cliff top with utter, complete disaster mere seconds away in the form of instant arrest, more than certain detainment, and finally, to top it off...yet, another deportation

It seems that I have the distinct honor of being one of the few civilians in the USA to have my very own page on the Interpol Watch List or that was according to a rather startled TSA Staffer who recently told me she has never seen anything like this before for someone who was still being allowed to fly...)

No “No Fly List” for this KitKat...

Well, not yet?

While by page three, you will almost always see me being chased down the lane by an angry landlady who so foolishly believed me when I swore that I would always pay my rent on time.



Emil

MISSED YOU RECENTLY...

Since Seine went overboard while standing up on the common sense barricades of decency and that he so boldly defended my God-given right to abandon any and everything that reeks of the whiny cries of this generation's spoiled and pampered (20+ year old) children who seem so terribly, so deeply offended by anything dealing with true human life and who never fail to flee, run off, retreat off into to the security of their own, personal safe zones in order to avoid, in having to live anything that resembles real time living in this so imperfect world...

So, I won't continue on with his outstanding rant!
Nuff Saidz!

As Seine said, from the publication of last month's art book edition there has arisen a terrible stink of ugly treats, evil name calling and even, several death threats which I do, normally expect to be directed towards me from WWWG Staff but, NOT from this mob of angry, young people (Twitter Trolls) who were not even alive in the era that the story portrayed ...



Emil

MISSED YOU RECENTLY...

Go figure?

Seine was at first, very tickled about the increased marketing and I have been told that he had secretly plotted with his own (head troll accountant) Mister Chucky to set up several bogus “Woke” Accounts to promote the burning of all my non-woke books as a means to drive sales and maybe, turn a small profit.

Campers and fellow travelers!

You have to understand; those were drastically different times and it was such a completely different world in those years – one where, I dare say that any of these idiot “Woke” Twitter Trolls would have had the life expectancy of a Dandy, Dapper English Officer in the Great Northern Trenches of 1917...

In simplest English, they would have not lasted a fortnight in the Trenches before they would fall victim to “friendly fire” and I truly think that even the Germans would have taken a few pot-shots at them too!

People talked different back then, they were of a different stock, they were not so easily offended and if there were wrongs, they saw it as their duty to help right it.

A painting of a woman with curly brown hair, looking upwards and to the right. She is holding a large, dark, textured object, possibly a piece of fabric or a large flower, in front of her. The painting is set within a decorative frame with a repeating pattern of small, light-colored squares. The background of the painting is dark. The word "Emil" is written in a large, white, serif font across the middle of the painting.

Emil

MISSED YOU RECENTLY...

In truth, they did leave their homes, fought and many died by the millions in senseless wars to right the wrongs they saw; they did not feel content to merely sit, down in the safety of their mom's basement, (Sorry! Your command Bunker) writing hundreds of nasty Twitter tweets about things from a complexed, general life that they, so sadly, seem to misunderstand nor not lived as we did.

What a shame!

Sadly, it is their own Loss!

Emil

08/2019



Emil



A painting of a woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a white, flowing dress. She is seated and looking towards the viewer. The painting is set within a dark, ornate frame. The background of the painting is dark. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with a repeating pattern of small, light-colored squares.

Emil



Emil



Emil

Emil



THE PRESS JUNKET

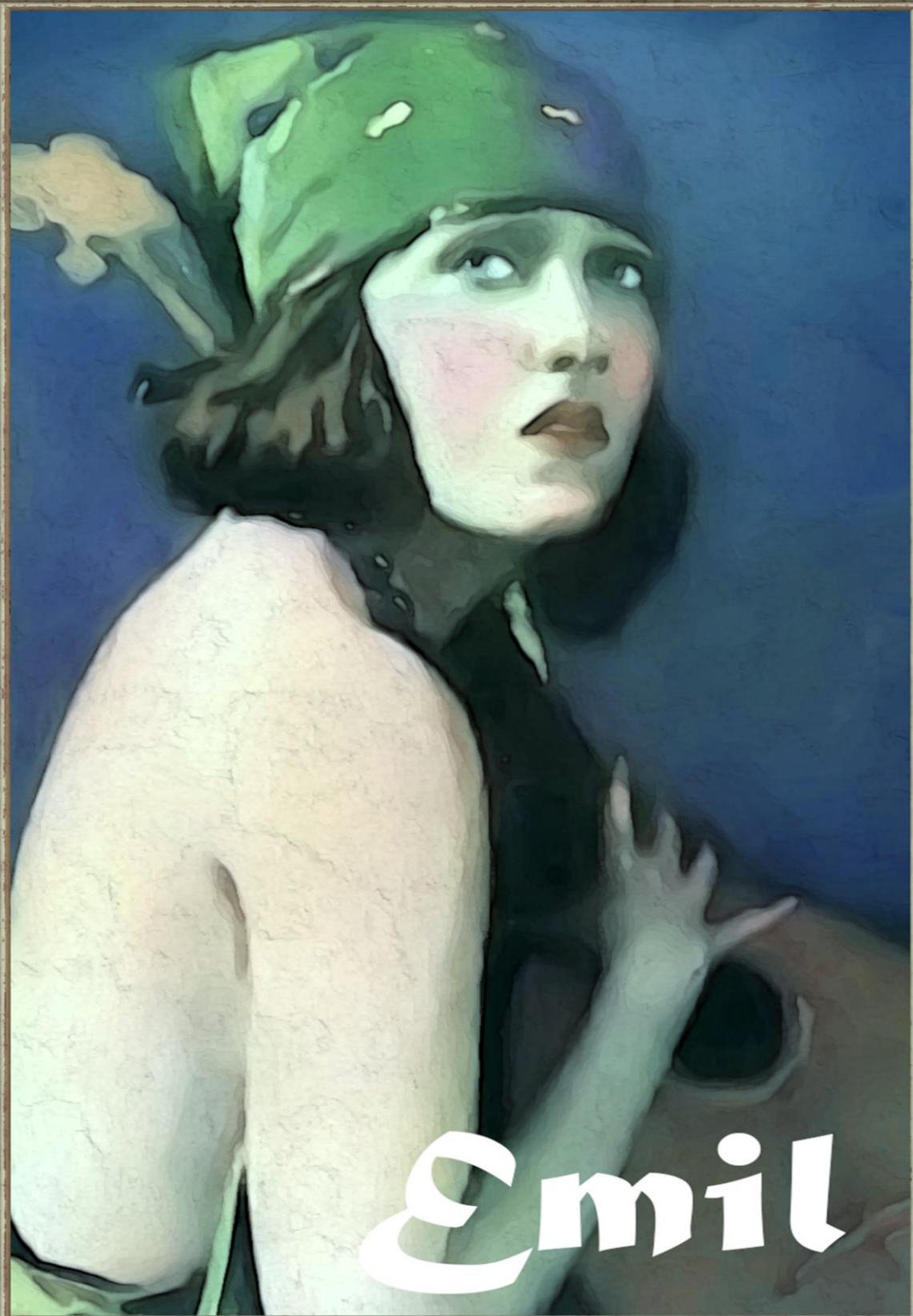
Claudie always has had a certain knack, he had a true God-given talent towards professional grade “BS” and more so, he always was working on some angle that would benefit or enrich him, reward him or merely just generate some extra cash.

Although, Claudie was very quick to dismiss any such praise and would very quickly pivot the conversation off this topic while leading us away, in a totally different direction.

See! I told you that he had a real knack!

A true talent...this young fellow!

Even though the journalist/reporter started as just another of his scams to gain access to numerous free meals and entry into social events, Claudie (quickly) discovered that he really had a knack for it too...especially, after several of his articles were published in one of the largest English Language Newspapers - this led to a real job as what they called a cub reporter which gave him a real press pass plus some money from several of the newspapers here in Havana.



Emil

THE PRESS JUNKET

Where we ran into trouble was when he (without consulting me in any manner) would blatantly combine the two and drag me into the middle of all this as he had never developed the knack of photography and he would drag me along as his assistant so that I could take the photos for him because I had a real knack for this. Claudie seriously had this concept that we were fated to work together in some bizarre form of Modernist French “yin and yang” based on how well our talents complemented each other...

Maybe so?

Maybe, he was a better BS'er than even I imagined?

This is the truth story as to how we came to go to Italy (like totally) on the dime of the new Italian

Government's Press Ministry as we were officially invited to be part of something that Claudie referred to as a “Press Junket” which merely means that they would tour us all about the country and hope that we will write good things about Mussolini and his experiments into a radically new form of government, a open collation between two of the three great pillars of the Modern Italian State: the Government and the Business,



Emil

THE PRESS JUNKET

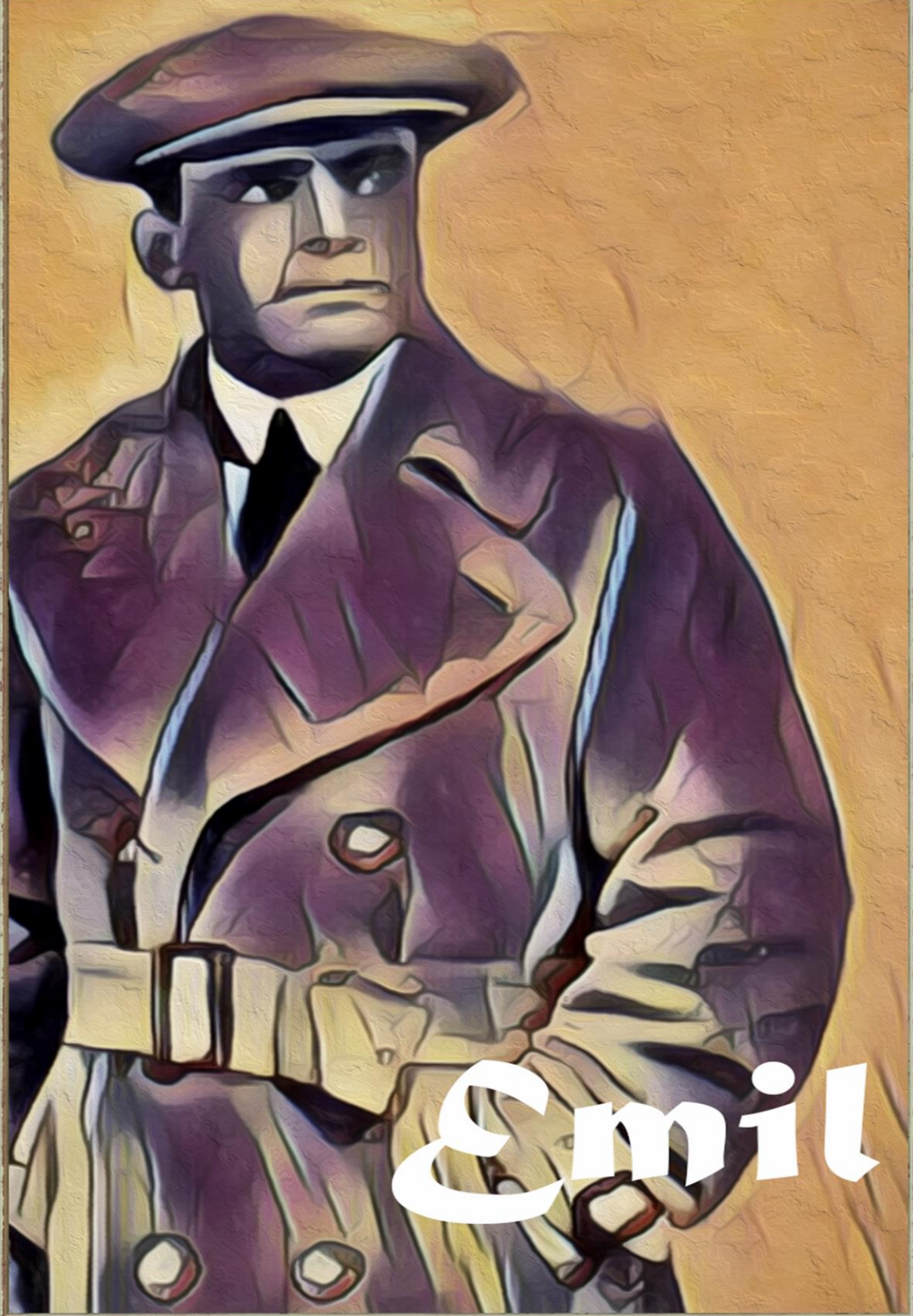
Manufacturing, Industrialist Community.

It was what Mussolini very offer referred to (in private) as a true form of “Business Socialism” – which would in later times, be mislabeled and in even later years, lumped together with the madness in Germany under the Nazis and would thus, be equally demised under the wicked and evil mantra of “Fascism.”

Claudie loved this journalist scam not only for all the free meals, trips and embassy parties but for all the social events (where he could officially rub shoulders with some

of the biggest “shaker-n-movers” in all of Havana) that his (sometimes real but most often just as bogus) Press Pass allowed and gained him access to.

To be truthful, I did enjoy the break from Carlos’ Café and the daily grind of the endless portraits and doddles commissioned by the regular clientele of uppity, local gangsters, aging Rum Runners and their fellow travelers of historically shady characters/sailors, to overly-drunk Flappers with all their playboy dandies in tow and even to the occasionally misguided tourist who stumbled down to the water front by accident (or so they often



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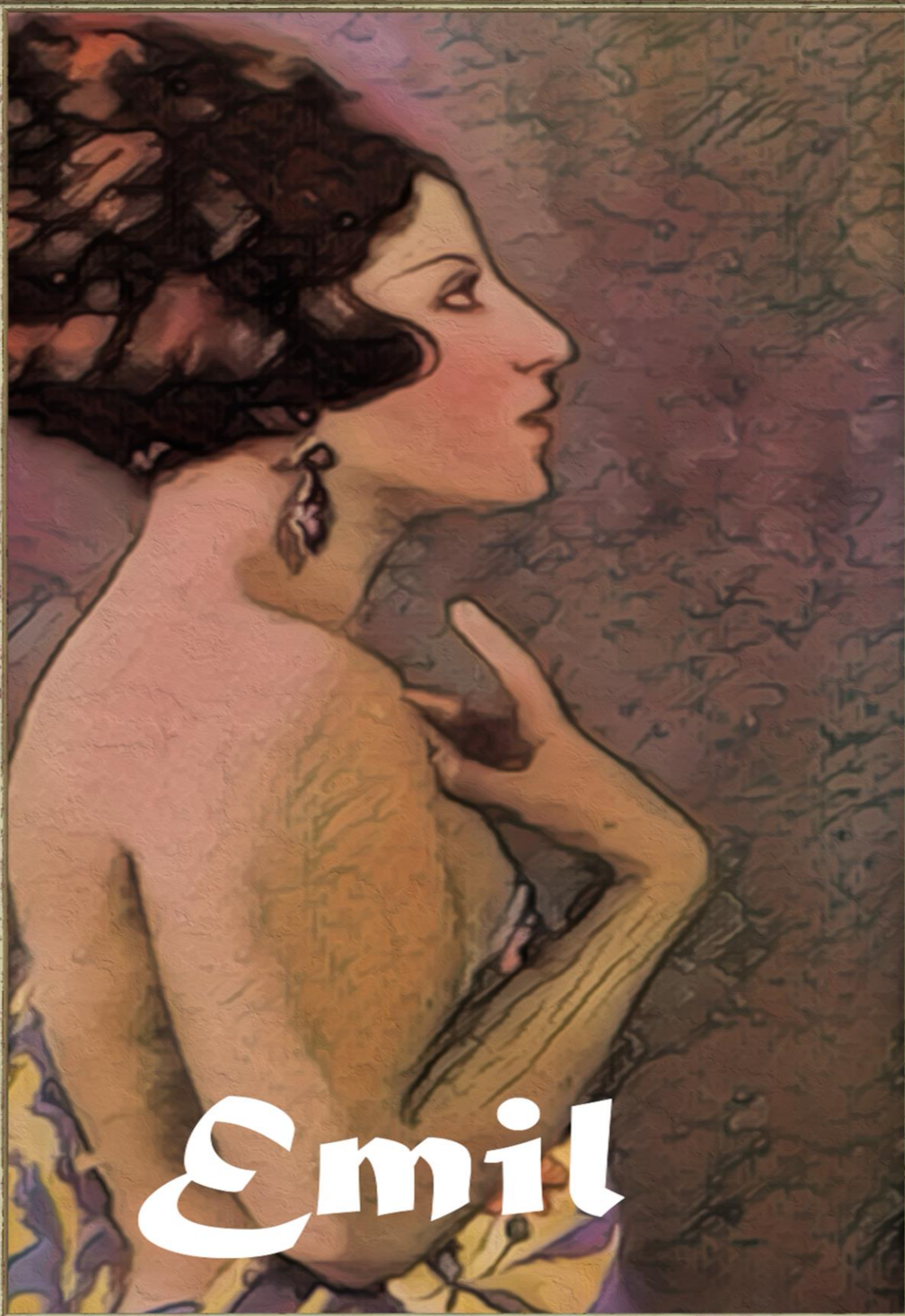
THE PRESS JUNKET

claimed at first sign of trouble or police) that Carlos' frequently attracted.

Claudie had over a short period of time, become rather chummy with the young Under-Secretary of Information at the New Italian Embassy here in Havana, Mr. Ricardo Vestamori.

Seems that Claudie and Ricardo, both being young men in their prime age, discovered that they shared many similar interests that firstly included the love of hard drink (not as easy or as cheap to get in Roma as here in Havana), they both shared what most people would worry was an over fascination with young, healthy Cuban Women and once Claudie introduced Ricardo to the many wonders of Carlos' Café where the flow of hard liquor was always free to him as Claudie's guest, abundance of so many friendly women more than willing to hang on and then laugh politely at every bad joke he could repeat from his more senior, male role models at the embassy...they were mated as friends for life.

Ricardo never took advantage of his friendship with Claudie and never made a scene or over indulged in any



Emil

THE PRESS JUNKET

of Carlos' many delights and in return, Claudie never (well more than a few times) leveraged his access to the embassy through his friendship with Ricardo.

They were a perfectly matched couple of proper accommodation, respect and an even more meaningful sense of useful moderation and you could tell that they had truly formed the perfect friendship. Rather rare occurrence in regular times but, even more so in this new modernist age of materialism, selfness and exploitation of others that ran as a growing cultural under current here in the latter years of the 1920's. One day, Claudie returned from lunch with Ricardo down at the embassy's wonderful canteen buffet and as he walked through the door, he asked if I would be interested in going on a free tour trip to Northern Italy? "Northern Italy?"

"FREE???"

Claudie nodded as he broke into a wide grin that let me know that this was not just another scam or bad joke at my expense. I had to take a second look at his smiling face to ensure that he was being truthful...

Seems, he was!

A portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, looking slightly to the left. She is wearing a white, ruffled collar. The portrait is set within a decorative frame with a repeating pattern of small, dark, rectangular shapes. The background of the portrait is a warm, orange-brown color. The word "Emil" is written in a white, serif font across the bottom of the portrait.

Emil

THE PRESS JUNKET

“You say...FREE?”

Again...Claudie smiled and sat at the table as he began to explain in some detail as to what a “Press Junket” was and how he had secured both of us seats on this upcoming event.

“When?”

He held up two first class tickets of the Pan Am “Sea Clipper” with our names already printed and booked all the way through Roma by way of the Azores, with a stopover in Lisbon and finally, directly to Roma’s new International Air Dome.

“When?”

“Next week...”

He said now in passing as he had already lost interest, had become bored in my attempts to continue this conversation and was ready to move on the next topic of the day.

As Claudie got up to leave, he made sure that I understood that this was a business trip and that I had to accept to certain standards and proper restrains as “We are professional journalists and must accord ourselves as such...get it?”



Emil

THE PRESS JUNKET

I nodded and went back to the doddle that I had been working on for Gunny Sam - it was to be a birthday present for his wife in Cleveland or was it for his girlfriend over in San Carlos?

Doesn't matter!

Doesn't matter!

The money is all the same!

And, he always paid in cash or occasionally in leftover Jamaican Rum – which is rather different than the Cuban Rum that I had grown so fond of here in Havana.



Emil



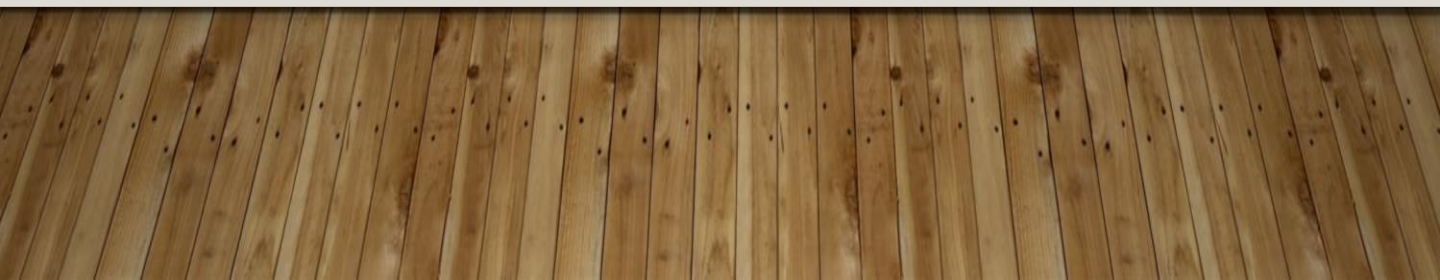
Emil



Emil



Emil





Emil



WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

Like three Middle Ages Pilgrims (not middle age...thank you very kindly!) sallying about in a grail search for shade from the ever-increasing mugginess and rays of oppressive heat that blankets the city by about 10 AM everyday...

Ricardo said that this was normal for the summer but, it was very nice in the winter...we, at this point, had seen not much reason to stay on that long to prove his theory.

“What’s the plan?”

“When are we going to Venice...back to Roma?”

As Ricardo, with sinecure apologies offered, he tried and valiantly attempted to explain about a silly mishap in the funding of our tour...it seemed to be some form of government, interagency squabble over who was going to pay our ever-increasing, what he said that they thought was the ever increasing and exoculating costs that were so seriously spiraling (totally) out of control and according to Ricardo was threatening to wipe his agency’s yearly budget out and then, there was the question of whose budget it would be charged too... This all seemed much too familiar!

Just more and universally typical government nickel-n-dime thinking...closed-minded, originating from low-hanging, pretty bureaucrats who could not see the

A framed painting of a woman in a blue dress, possibly a classical or religious figure, with the name "Emil" written in white script at the bottom. The painting is set within a dark brown frame with a decorative border. The background of the frame is a light green and white checkered pattern. The floor below the frame is made of light brown wooden planks.

Emil

WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

the bigger picture and lacking the sheer courage to institute Mussolini's bold social experiment...

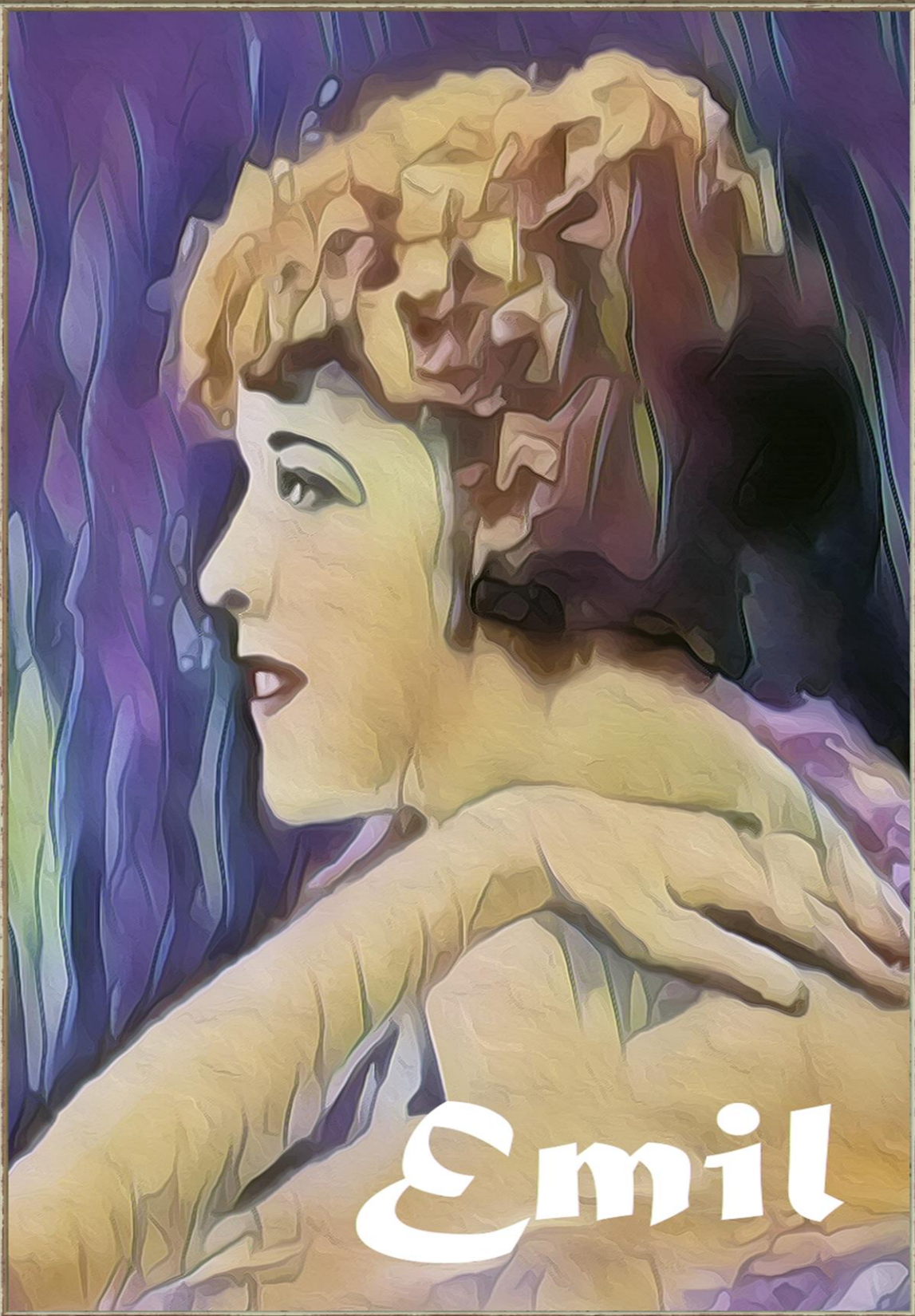
Even a blind man could see that this Italian Deep State of life-long civil servants were actively road-blocking, stonewalling even his simplest plans or were, more likely than not, they were simply ignoring many of his edicts and direct commands.

I feel bad rather for this Mussolini character, I feel that the civil servants are so set on the destruction of his government and it is clear that he too was becoming more frustrated by all of these counter-revolutionaries, communists and what he has often, in recent days, started to referring to them all as the lazy, lay-about cadre of over-weight civil (**NOT**) servants.

It is very clear that if he wants to change the corrupt system, he will need to seriously clean house and throw these slugs out and into the street.

Now as an outsider, I understand that I am not privileged to the full story but, from what I have seen and heard, he seems to be a decent man who loves Italy and he should be given a fair chance to bring prosperity to the working class and the poor.

Part of the reason is that he is an outsider, he doesn't come from the privileged families or the landed gentry where most of Italy's leaders have be spawn from.



Emil

WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

He comes from very humble beginning, his was (I think they said) a shoe maker or something to that effect – not from Blue-Blood Stock to say the least!

Ricardo is what one would call a true believer and has been a supporter from early on with the March on Roma by Mussolini and his fellow war veterans who were angered that the massive sacrifice made by their dead comrades back in the war (seeking to make a better world) were being squandered, wasted by a government (most of whom never served directly in the fight) and (according to many news reports) vast sums of repatriation funds were being greedily pocketing by corrupt politician and their cadre of accountants and clerks within the government.

Ricardo believes that given a chance, his man will unite the classes to all being Italians first and that he will build a better world based on order, fairness and a deep sense of duty to the common man.

Ricardo says that Mussolini seeks to unite two of the three pillars of Italian Society (the government and business) and harness their power to create a new form of government...not socialist nor communistic but, rather (he said that it hard to explain in English) a form of Corporate Socialism – where all benefit from an even playing field, shared costs and each with shared



Emil

WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

responsibilities to make the country great, this will bring Italy to a day in the near future where she will be a shining beacon to all the repressed countries of the world.

Sorry, I sidetracked myself and threw my story out-of-sequence but, I thought that it was an important fact to note...that this Italy is different...

Potential?

Who knows?

We can only hope for the best for Ricardo and his fellow patriots!

NOW...BACK TO OUR ORIGINAL STORY...

Let me be clear here, they (the trade and foreign ministries) who agreed to offer us open bars and “no question” meals out on the economy when we first arrived – I am sure this was meant as a mean to win us over...maybe, they figured we were simple third world creatures and could be directed to the cheapest pasta shops (even though, this would be in direct opposition to Mussolini’s personal efforts to win the Italian people off of pasta as he had concerns about its nutritious or some health factors...something about that effect...but, my Italian is no better than my Spanish...slight at best!



WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

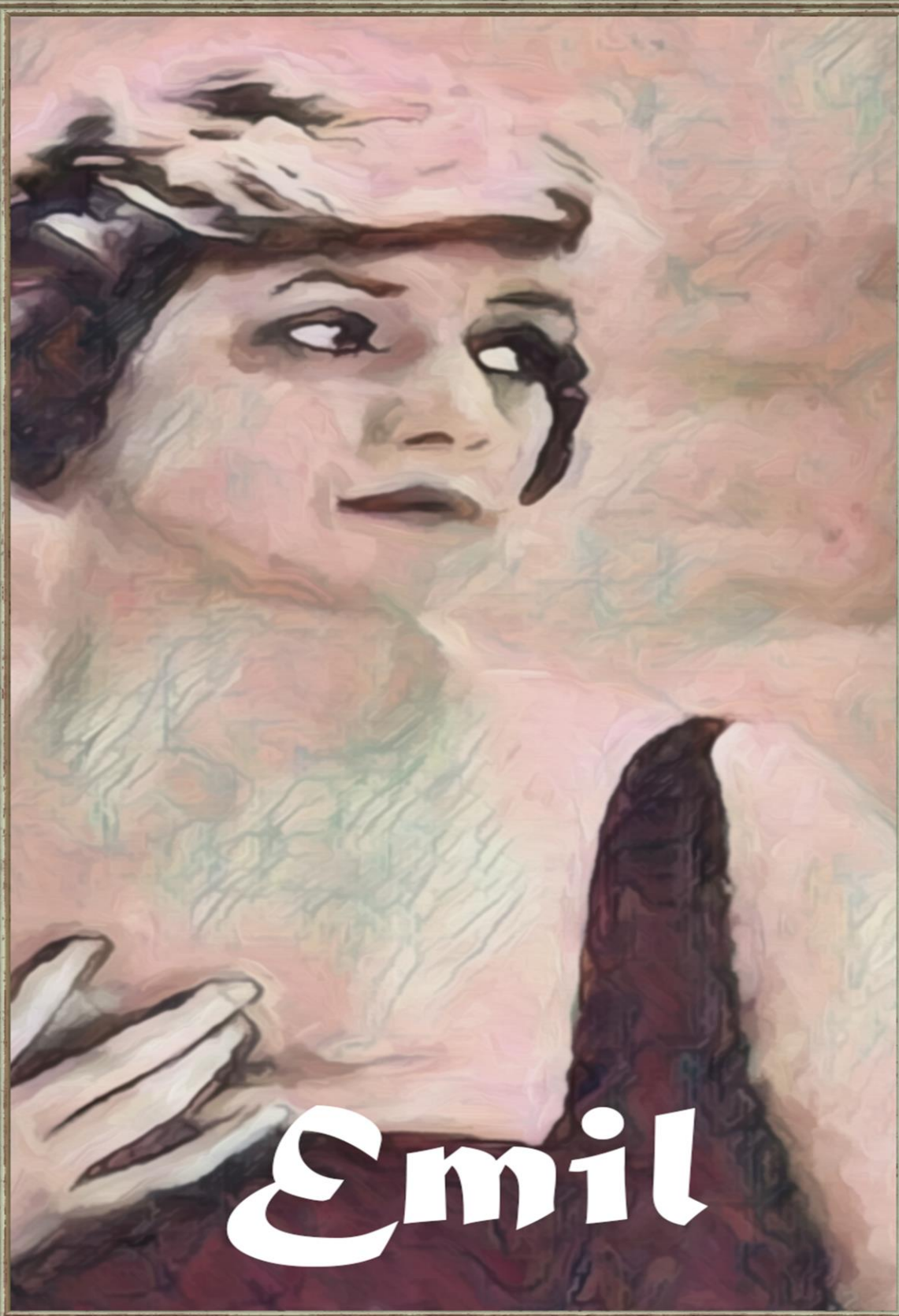
Only much too late, when the bills for the finest meals at the fanciest, stylish cafes (normally reserved for the life styles of the rich and famous only variety) started to arrive at the Ministry of Trade marked in deep red Indian Ink “**OVER DUE!**”

Then, they saw that open bars were even a worse mistake as many of us might have been a tad over generous with their funds by signing for round after round of **FREE** rounds for everyone in the bar and occasionally, people merely passing by or fine local ladies who were invited over from their respected houses of commerce to share a drink or two...

Let me also say to any government or ministry official who might later read this account, Claudie and I did not so abuse their generosity and their complete kindness...out of our deep respect for Ricardo and the great Italian Government.

Well!

No more than (just) once or twice (OK! Several times!) did we offer invites to several nice, local gals and then, it was at respectable cafes as to not insult the ladies status of importance and please let me note that Claudie did (each time) actually ask for a government discount and we always did collect “doggy” bags of what was left over to take with us...



Emil

WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

"Waste not...want not!" was Claudie's Mantra.

Not that it seemed to matter to any of our junket group as it was not on our dime and next time, the government might be better prepared...

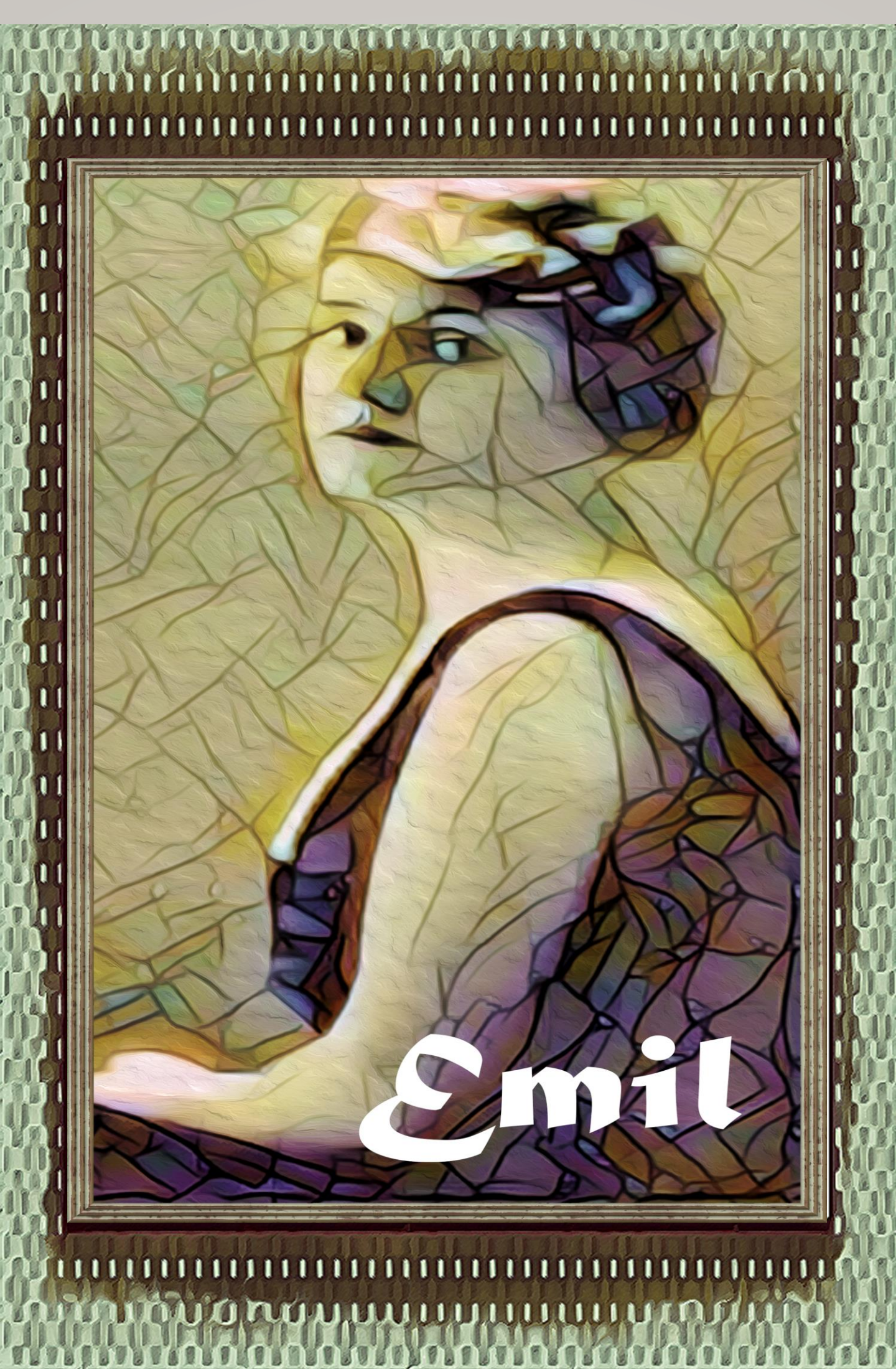
So said Klaus, a young club report from a German Newspaper (I think from Frankfurt Main) who insisted that, in fact, we had done them a great service in that "we taught them to plan better!"

So, we did meet on this sunny July day, even though it was no more than 9 AM, it was sweltering, we were in proper need of finding new, drier shirts before we continued today's adventure out amongst the fiery rays of blinding heat that viciously radiating down from the still low hanging sun on to our exposed necks.

To our grateful relief Genoa, the Western Gate of Italy, it is a city of grateful shadows, whose narrow streets defy and deflect a great deal of the death rays of the region's brilliant, summer sun.

Normally, we would just meet down at the hotel's shady pool and spend the vast majority of the morning drinking, debating our further course of action(s) and watching the upper-class gals' parade by in the latest, the finest of French-designed swim suits...

I must admit that you never see this much in Havana as



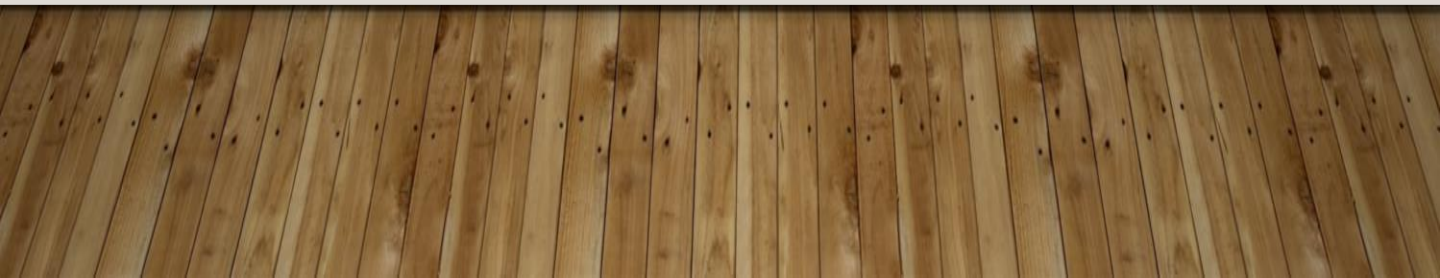
WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

the Spanish gals, especially those from the better families are much more conservative in their dress and have no need to show a lot of skin – they have no real need to attract potentially, future mates as most marriages (at that level of society) are still arranged...almost a business transaction between the well-to-do families...like the merging of great companies of Wall Street.

Today, this was not our actual course of action especially after the hotel's senior manager informed us that the hotel had not be paid.

Seems that the government had not paid them at all and that they could no longer offer us **FREE** usages of their services other than our rooms (as they had been paid for...Thank God! Well...at least that was until the end of the month) ...

*“At this point my dear friends, we sadly regret that food, beverages and spa services will now need to be charged directly to each guest but, the hotel would offer each of you (our kind guests) a generous ten percent discount off the regular prices...We do appreciate your kind understanding...Please, if you need any further assistance or clarification, please come to the front desk and merely ask for me...
Thank you!”*



WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

This is truly, it is a very nice hotel but, a day's stay here amounts to a month's salary back in Havana; so, we decided to meet here in the poor section of town to scout out a new, more cost-effective but inviting watering hole and bistro.

This was seeming much harder than it had in our earlier conversation before we left the hotel this morning... much harder indeed, as here in this strange city, we were the "Strangers in a Strange Land" and without Ricardo...we would be without any language abilities...other than to ask for directions to the restroom and to not shot us...as...

"We were Americans!"

Well it is kind of true...

Sort of true in a most abstract, cubistic sense...

OK!

Well, maybe, even if several times removed.

Here in these docks, we were those lost tourists like those we so often took advantage of as they unknowingly stumbled into our Havana's docks...

In this part of town, (not much different than it would be in Havana) we were the fresh meat, the country boys directly off the farm and it was their (near) patriotic duty to insure that we spend every penny to support



Emil

WASTING AWAY IN GENOA

The local community and its fine assemblage of denizens all with outreached hands to what seemed to be “Rich Americanos.”

Totally understand their sentiment and I have often been in the forefront, the first-in-line in executing many of its most creative form(s) of fleecing when I was back home but, here on the receiving end, with little to near nothing other than coinage dangling in my otherwise empty pockets, it was not a nice feeling...

I must truly admit.



Emil



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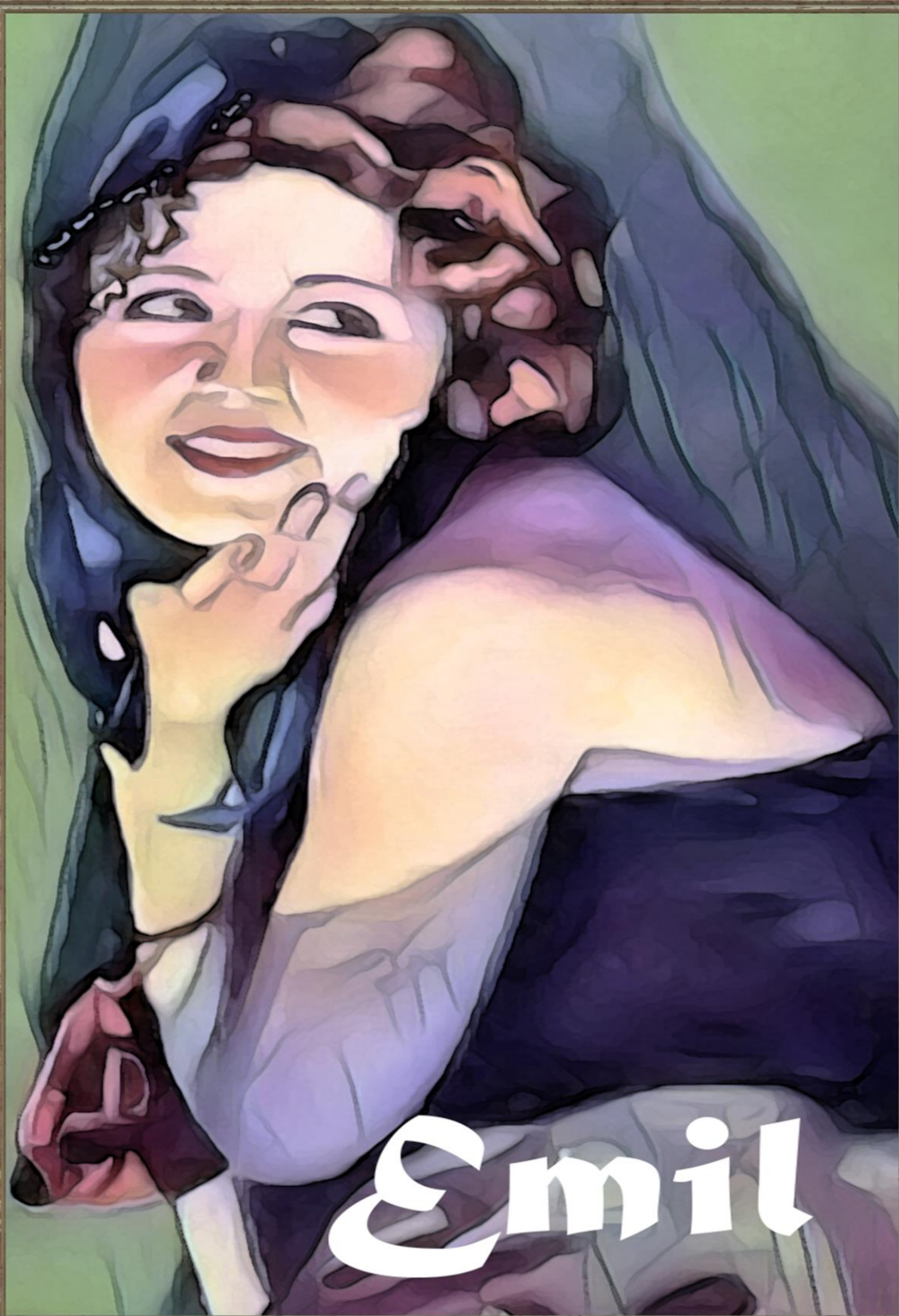




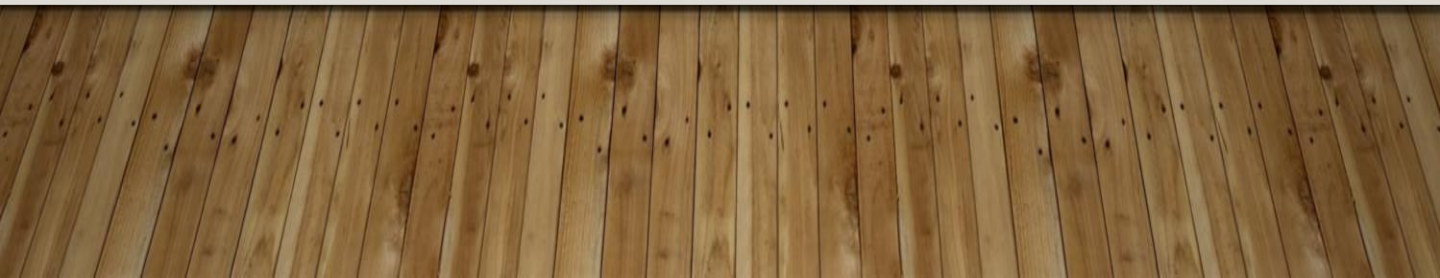
Emil



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Emil



THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

Dating back to when the city was the center of, it was the main drop off point for the Holy Lands in the Age of Crusades and gave Venice a run for complete mastery of the seas with it vast armada of merchant ships that plied the Pilgrim's Trail in the many generations, the endless crusades and that saw several million of the first religious tourist groups and foundation of what would become the modern travel industry.

They (these early time travelers/vacationers) always came seeking the advertised and marketed promise of instant salvation in the homelands of Jesus and they were more than willing to pay good money for the privilege of doing just that – which created an entire travel, service industry here in Genoa.

As we all well know, especially if you have ever lived in a major port city, it surly didn't take any kind of business genius (even a blind man could feel this) to realize that in such an environment, there was great money to be made by not only the logistics of transit but, to the catering of all the needs of this mass of paying pilgrims has they waited for their departure and it was the bright people of Genoa who successfully developed a real knack of these service...

A stylized painting of a woman with dark hair, wearing a dark, patterned dress. She is depicted in a seated or reclining pose, looking slightly to the right. The painting is set within a decorative frame that has a repeating geometric pattern. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century modernism.

Emil

THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

be it travel supplies, food, lodging, souvenirs or fulfilling the need for a lovely evening or two with a lovely, local maiden to keep you company.

Any true history of Genoa, any historian worth their salt made the point that

“...You can get a ship anywhere but, never will you find fairer women than in the ancient Port of Genoa.”

It was a good system that worked for everyone regardless of your economic status here in Genoa, that is, as long as the pilgrims moved on, post haste and didn't linger or try to settle in...

It was this few lingerers that created problems for the community, caused trouble and were endlessly being run out the city gates...

“Come spend your money, enjoy yourself but, then promptly leave...” was the universally accepted mantra of the populist.

"Benvenuto! " — "Addo! " "Welcome! " — "Farewell! " and "Come back again quite soon when/if you get more funds! "

Genoa's Lovely's, this fair legion, this cadre of young, sweet ditties (this is how women were talked of in this begone eras) so world-famous for their soft kissing, the Ligurian, the air eloquent of their perfumes, and mixed,



Emil

THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

nightly, so freely with the strummed echoes of the multi-part harmonic rhythms of all the numerous street side troubadours.

The pleasantness of the mood and the music ran along the storied palaces, the crenelated wall of the old city before spanned out, far out and beyond, as it caught and bounced off the crests of city's towers and spires.

The city simply radiated good times, great music and a pleasant lifestyle for each of its denizens.

I have been told that the melodiously melodies of the festival music raising out from the old city on any Saturday Night could be heard distinctly far out into the rustling forest trees and was claimed to swept breezily up the rolling mountain sides where one could sit and enjoy the sights and sounds of the center of the world.

This is what they said and I will leave it at that other than to say that this description might be better for the promoting the local tourism board rather than holding much truth in reality – as in those days, the forests and mountaintops were full of bandits and other pennious misfits that had been run out of town in the name of “city commerce.”



Emil

THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

On a normal Saturday eve, peasants (poor people...sometimes bandits) from up in the surrounding hills and in the nearby valleys, along with all the dwellers down in the cortado, gathered up their few coins to spend a pleasant evening here in town amongst suffocating crowds within the congested city bounds. It was acceptable to merely sit-a-bout while you gazed and wondered at the rare shows.

Pageants, plays and functions — religious, amorous and warlike — were enacted in every quarter and in every church.

Fearful blushing, upper society maidens and those bolder, these titled matrons leaned out of gaily decorated iron balconies or stood by heavily gated portals, one moment to cross themselves as "Il Santissimo " (the Sacred Host) and in the very next moment, they were tossing out scented kisses with red roses to gay* cavaliers in return for their salutes.

** No, it didn't mean what it means now! In those times it more meant to be happy...joyous...like in the theme song for the Flintstones TV Show ...*

"We will have a gay old time."



Emil



THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

The busy women of the harbor, the markets and the alleys shared their richer sisters' infatuation as it seemed that every lass had at least one foreign lover as well as a jealously devoted husband but, everyone loved Christ the Son of Mary.

Flash forward 500 plus years, take a look around or even on city tours organized by the big hotels, you can still imagine, you can still fancy an occasional spark of the city as it was in the Wild Days when it was filled with big spenders, the Crusader Royalty and all of those millions of early tourists flushed with purses of coin prowled the city's streets and plazas, it was all right here, here at the starting point on the Pilgrim's Trail. Genoa is no different than any other city of size or wealth, money talks very loudly here and poorness mean insult, shaming and open threats...

"You need to be moving along, vagrant! Down and away from my store before I need to call a policeman!" Genoa still holds status for its female populist and I assume that the social classes of today have little changed from Crusader Days.

Even here in modern day, 20th Century Europe, you find that women are still held more as something to look at,



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THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

something to own instead of being on an equal status with males.

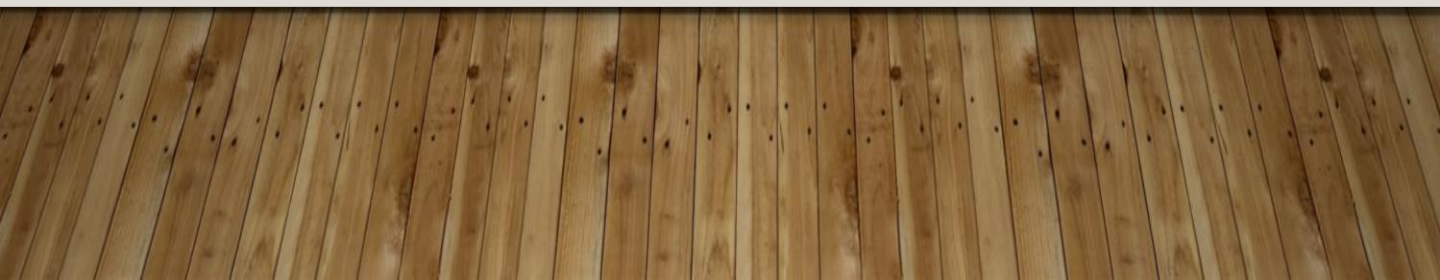
The “busy women of the harbor” are still here and like many other working-class women, throughout Italy, they have an economic need to work outside the house, many times while supporting (usually) very large families (this is still a Catholic, male-orientated country) or as a young girl in proper training to do so.

Ricardo tells me that his man, Mussolini, feels very much in equality of the sexes and Ricardo told me a story (legend?) that dates back to when the leader was but a mere child...his mother was a school teacher in a local Catholic School...and how he was always angered by how poorly she was treated (compared to the male teachers) by the parish priests and their thuggery of shady looking monks who were always hitting on his mom.

We both agreed that this Mussolini guy has his work cut out and I can now see that his conflict(s), his seeming distaste for the Third Pillar of Italian Society (the Church) has much less to do with his socialist upbringing and more to what had happen to his mother and the other women in his life.



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THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

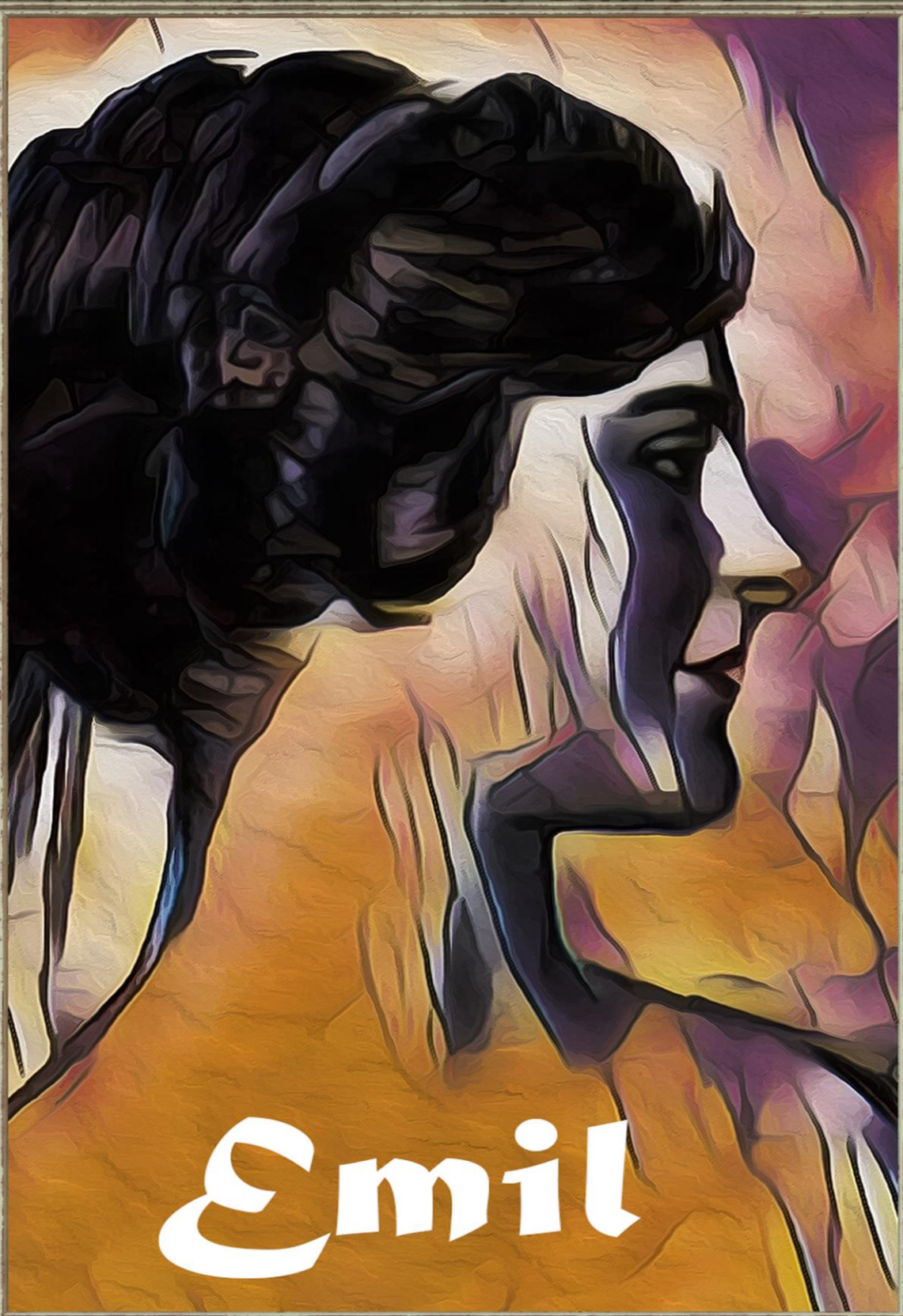
The city still holds its own share of upper society maidens, spoiled, bratty and too long pampered by their rich families. They seem to fancy the city's many fine stores of luxury and imported goods, the more trendy and exclusive cafes, clubs and like such women in Havana do, they relish the occasional need to break away and go (what we call) "Slumming."

Slumming is when they will sneak away from their reclusive, pleased life and act out as if they were a "woman of the harbor" for an afternoon.

Mark Twain once wrote a similarly themed book...
"The Prince and the Pauper."

There is a third class that is hard to explain in that they mostly come from humble beginnings, many are foreigners but, they are greatly self-servicing, they see and openly use the male portion of society as a tool to gaining wealth, acquiring luxury and sometimes, collecting great power.

These are the woman that paraded about at our hotel's pool and spa as they trolled for a proper male to hook their claws into (their own personal phraseology...NOT mine! Thank you very kindly!)



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THE FINER, FAIRER WOMEN OF GENOA

Hopefully, Ricardo's hero will bring about a much-needed change and woman can rightfully hold their own in a Modern Italy...

That would, in deed, be something!

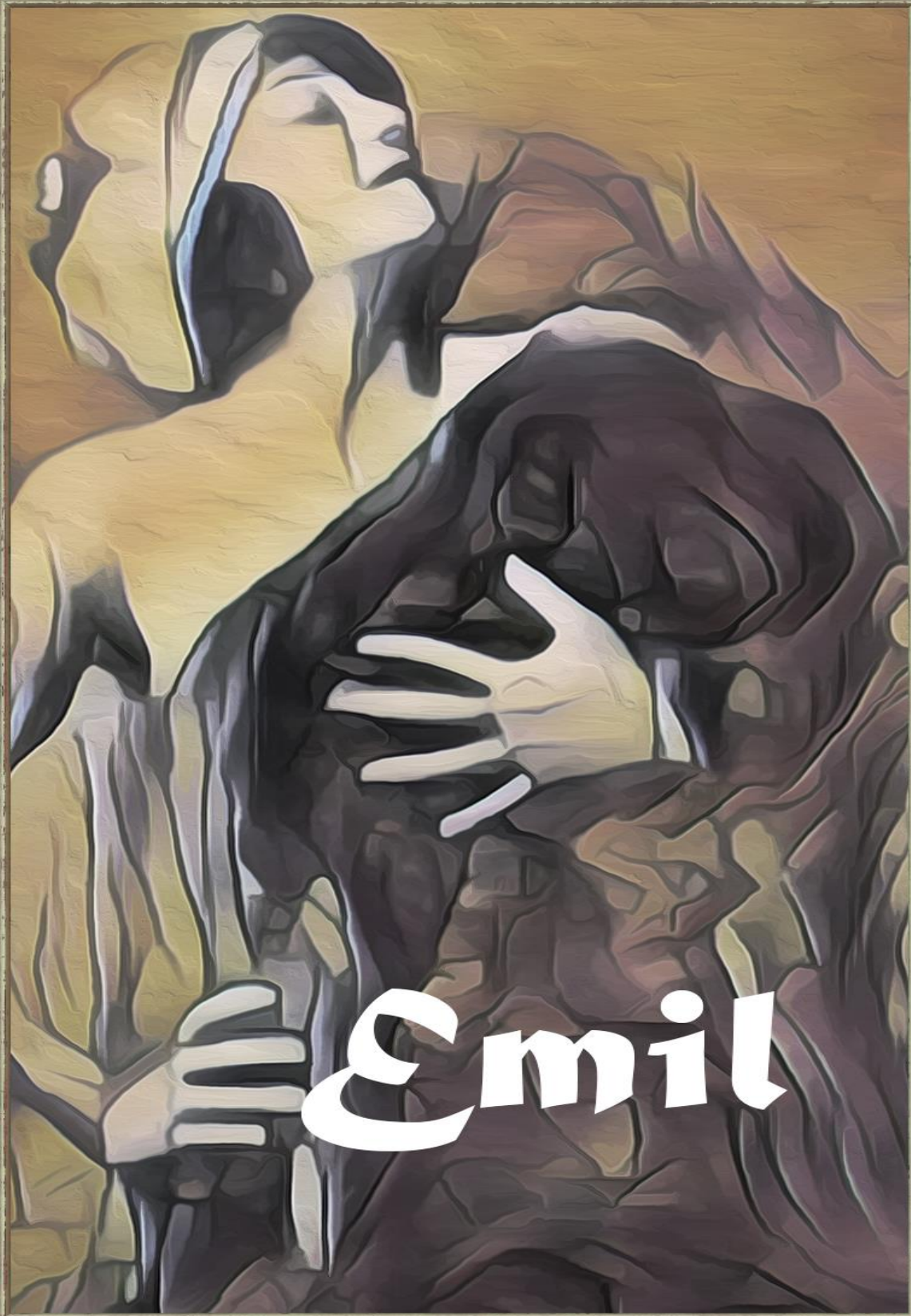


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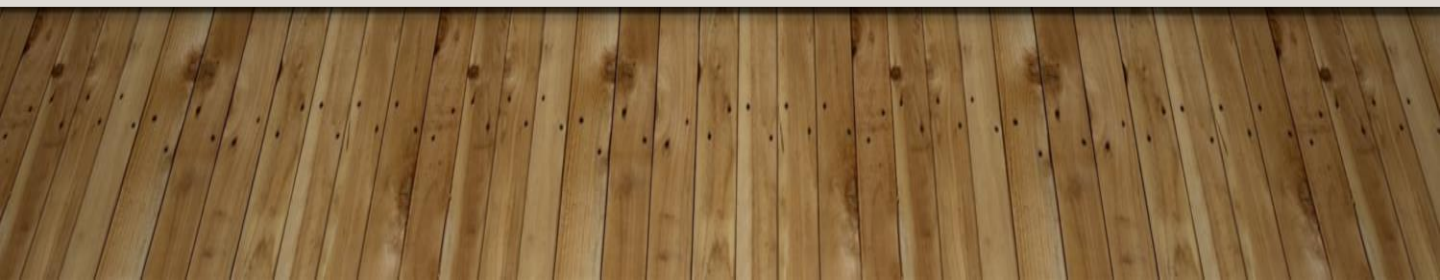








Emil





“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

The more we see, the more we talk to those who have been with him from the start, the more we come to see Mussolini is not really a bad sort, it is clear that his love of Italy and its people is real as is his desire to make a better life for all of its denizens.

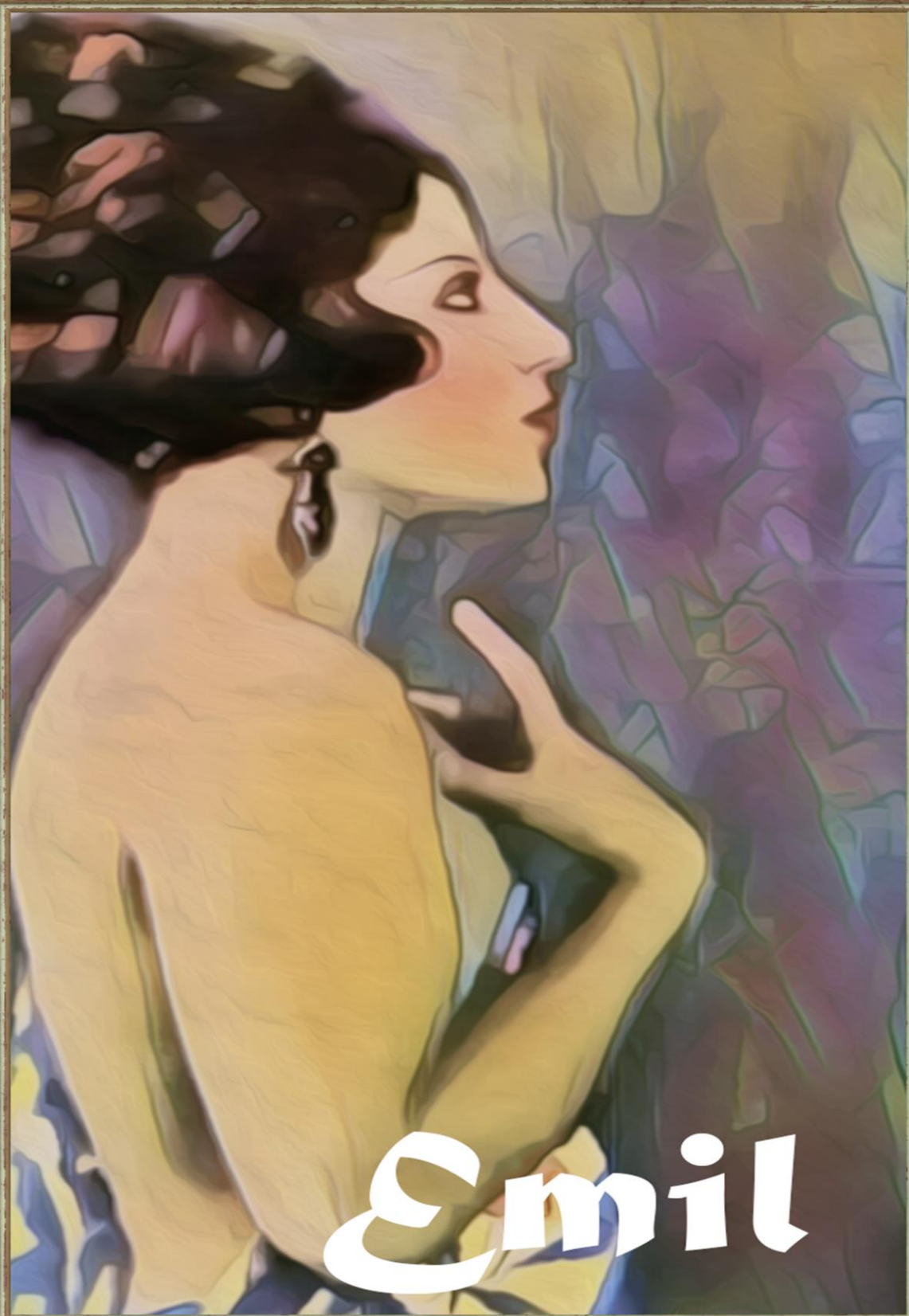
Is he to be faulted, that depends upon who is telling you the narrative and their personal agenda – which, I have learned all too well is as true as the weather, everyone here as one or more personal agendas and they do not stutter, blink and they will even look you straight in the eye as they lie through their teeth to further their agenda.

As a stranger here in this strange land, as a mere tourist who knew very little of the recent history of the country,

I have to pick-n-choose, filter all commentary and try to determine a level of truth...it is not as simple as it might sound as all of the passions held between Ricardo and his fellow revolutionaries mix poorly with the old, established order who seem to see no need to change...any change!

This is Italy's strongest challenge!

This is my deepest concern for the future of this beautiful country and its wonderful people as both sides seem to only agree that the other side are disciples of the true Satan.



Emil

“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

This is most certainly not, at all, a good mix to help build a future here! Even a blind man could sense this! On the side of reform, change and anti-corruption you have the followers of Mussolini, many of which are actual combat veterans from the great war mixed with a splattering of youth and college hotheads...many grew up in working class or poor families that had been converted to Socialism as a way to undo the abuses of the ruling, Feudal Classes that had dominated and mostly ruled Italy since its reconstruction as a nation state in the latter days of the 19th Century.

It is hard to believe that modern day Italy is but a child and most agree that its Feudal Lords have made a mess of the nation, scandalized with a corrupt Deep State Cadre of greedy and dishonest of state servants who were more than willing to abandon the “betterment of the people” for their own personal advancement and the rewards that come from being so willing to do the do the unquestioned bidding of the ruling classes or so that is how Ricardo and his other faithful brothers/sisters of the revolution paint the picture. From what I have witness in my little dealings that I have had with this Deep State, I believe that they are a secret army of petty accountants, lazy clerks and that



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“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

they will (as they are doing now!) be the undoing of much of the change that the Mussolini and his followers have tried to bring forth.

By ignoring, refusing and contradiction of the direct orders from the nation's leader, they block or delay many changes (large or small... unimportant or critical) of this new government. They hope that by their holding campaign, they can delay or monkey-wrench any changes (good or bad) long enough that the denizens will lose faith in the government and then, their paymasters will be swept back into power by a populist who felt cheated by Mussolini and his revolutionaries. The amazing thing that I do see, it is that he is openly hated by both the Feudal Lords, Ruling Class and equally by the Socialists.

Why?

This seems at first glance, to be a true confusing, a real disconnect of political interests as the Socialists and Ruling Class have traditional been enemies, fighting tooth-n-nail to gain or maintain power.

After long conversations with a cross-section of people, all from various positions of authority, it now makes perfect sense and it makes me believe that this experiment to create a modern, strong Italy is all but doomed and destined for utter failure.



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“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

Why do I now believe that all the dreams of Italy as a futurist, modern nation state are so utterly doomed? All sides truly hate this man with a deep, unnerving passion that so transcends policies and even believes, the hatred of this man has consumed a large part of the left and the right beyond any reasonable sense!

Why do they hate a man who is working to make a better world, a better nation where truth, honesty and a true commitment to helping the forgotten peoples (the workers and the poor) would be the mantra of the changes that he was attempting to make?

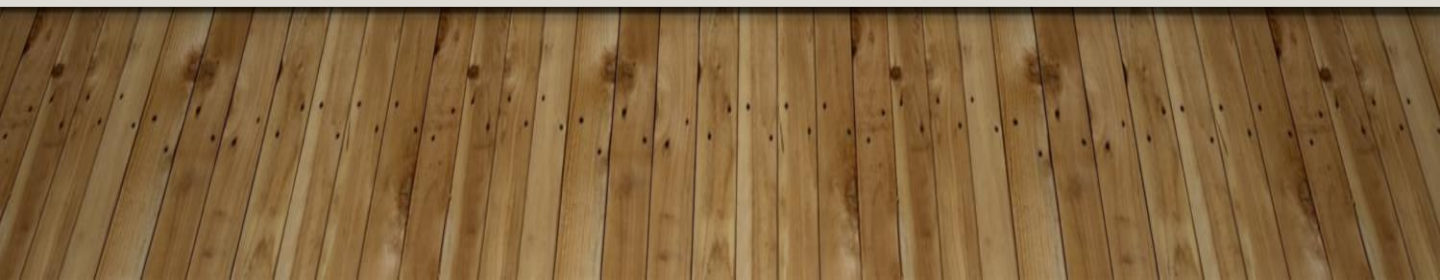
The key here is “change!”

He is first an outsider, an interloper, a most undeserving personage as the Ruling Classes are so quick to point out that he is not one of them, he is the son of a shoemaker and a school teacher...working mother...they say that he has not the God given rights to aspire to a seat at the table of power nor the breeding or quality education to secure his abilities.

As a child who grew up in poor, socialist empowered neighbors, having started out as a bright, smart child with a slight political future and as one who would be a great addition to the Socialist cause; they have never forgiven him when he abandoned them after he saw



Emil



“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

their leadership was just as corrupt or more so than the Ruling Classes as they gave false hope to the people while taking bribes, filling their own pockets on the people's hard earned and freely given coin.

Each saw that he had a special ability, that they could not reach him with ideology or offers of economic rewards.

Such people are greatly feared by those who are so fearful of change and who are willing to fight to keep that status quo, maintain the old order that had rewarded them so greatly, given them power and influence on the national discussion.

They were so unwilling to take a chance that this upstart, this unworthy contender would destroy the perfect world that they all (collectively left and right) made for themselves.

It was not worth the chance even if it meant the abandonment of all decency, the twisting, the distortion of even the simplest truths in order to convince the denizens that he was totally evil, a new Cesare who would bring them to dictatorship and social ruin.

From what I can see, they are winning, as I see more people complain that this Mussolini guy was “all talk and no action...” and their numbers seem to grow daily out on the busy streets of Roma, near the factory gates of Industrial Milano and even here, in sweet Genoa.



Emil

“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

They are all blinded from the truth, it is never reported, it so completely hidden from them by a willing press (mostly controlled by both elements of the socialist left, the Ruling Classes or others, by agents of the Deep State) who are more than quickly to jump upon the slightest of error and are more than happy to promote, elevate it has the end of the world!

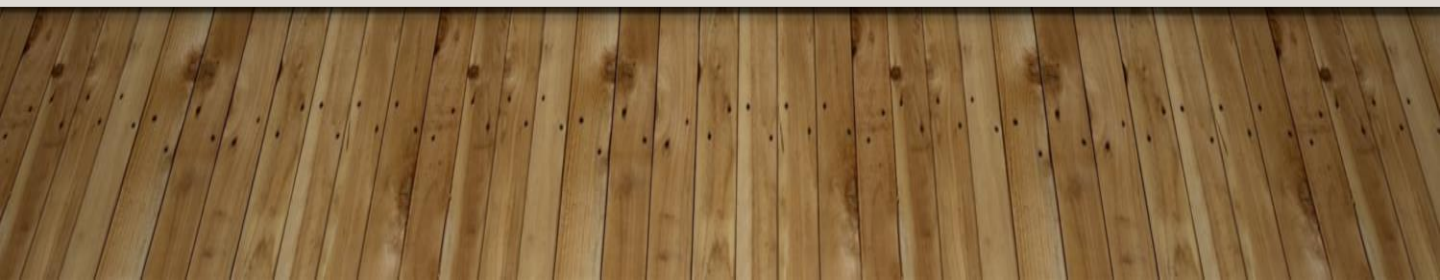
It seems a shame as I have grown to know many of these young believers in a better world and I have spent more than a little time drinking with the hardcore veterans (Mussolini's Cadre of War Veterans) who actively believe that the old order cannot be changed, that in order to achieve true change; they feel that the Old Order must be burnt to the ground and the people allowed to start anew!

So, here is the real rub! Each side believes in unconditional victory and in the utter destruction of their enemies...no middle ground...victory or death! What is being waged behind ministry walls, out in the hallways of this government is a brutal fight for the very soul and the future of all of the people of Italy.

If only there were honest, fair reporting, if there was only a little transparency in all side's actions, I believe that the people would raise up much as the workers rose up against the factory masters in 1910 and send the whole lot packing.



Emil



“I CRY FOR YOU SWEET ITALY!”

Maybe, it would not make a difference?

Just maybe, the common sense people of Italy would give this Mussolini guy and his followers like Ricardo a descent chance to see if they can create a better Italy and thus, a better world.

I just have a gut feeling that this will not happen and that the worse is yet to come.

“I cry for you Sweet Italy!”



Emil

HIGH NOON AND WE ARE A DOLLAR SHORT!

We are at the edge of a dilemma, for tomorrow, unless the Ministry of “What-ever” comes forward to pay our hotel bill we all shall be out on the curb after we realize that we haven’t the funds to pay this rent forward.

Ricardo is to return this evening from Roma with hopefully a resolution to the economic crisis that has abashed and led to the ruin of the grand adventure, in fact, my first and maybe, my last “Press Junket.”

Until the morning, we pleaded to make the greatest usage of current abode and we promised each other a combined effort to ensure that we do.

Some of the better off journalist/reporters or those who had a separate expense account from their newspaper, they grew bored and drifted off or returned home to write how poorly the Italians were in managing anything more important than making the trains run on time as Klaus, the young club reporter from a German Newspaper (Frankfort Main?) did.

Claudie has sent several telegrams to his newspaper in Havana and he has yet to get any kind of response from them.

So, for now, we are stuck, we are stranded with almost no funds available to us in a city that has a rather deep distaste, mistrust of those without funds or means.

Maybe come noon, they like their Crusade?



Emil

HIGH NOON AND WE ARE A DOLLAR SHORT!

Era forefathers, they will run us out the city gates and we will need to take to the hills and who knows, banditry?

We will definitely need to move on, maybe aboard a pirate, a smuggler's boat on the night trip to the new kingdom of Yugoslavia...we have similar experience from back in our Caribbean Tour Days that might be useful to one of these pirate ships masters?

Who knows?

I hate speculation and I think that I will go down a sit watching the lovely women parade by...they haven't a clue that I am without resources, funds or means – at least not until the morning, when they see me and my battered kit sitting street side.

Claudie came back without any good news and just shrugged off my questions as to what to do next.

“That's tomorrow!”

“That too far off in the future to be worried by that now!”

As he is so brilliant in doing, he debased the entire conversation and asked “you still going to the pool?”

We went to the pool and since we dressed in our upscale, tourist togs...

We had a nice afternoon with the passing young ladies.



Emil

SALVATION FINALLY FROM ROMA

Ricardo returned from Roma in the early evening and we all met for a late dinner at the hotel...gratefully, apparently on the Ministry of Information's dime and we did appreciate the fineness of the meal and marveled as Ricardo waved the check away and ordered us 100 year old Napoleon Brandy with a wink and dismissed its cost by saying the Government is paying the bill.

As we sipped the excellent brandy and we more deeply appreciated that little guy's dedication to excellence – and this brandy was obsolete proof of that; Ricardo started to recall the last few days that he had just spent in Roma going from one clerk to yet another and how he fiercely argued our plight while making the case that we were (in fact) guests of the government and that we are all reporters who were brought here to be impressed by “our great country!” So, the plan as Ricardo laid it out was muted from our the grander of our arrival but, it did promise us suitable transportation back home and in the end, it is a much better plan than to join the pirate trade with the new Kingdom of Yugoslavia...at least, that was my immediate opinion.

We would leave in the morning long before the prepared route of us out of our unpaid suites by their



Emil

SALVATION FINALLY FROM ROMA

assemblage of angry bellhops and few of the larger members of the hotel's maintenance staff that had been scheduled for the early hours of the morning as not to scare the other guests – this is rather a upscale facility.

We would be allowed to depart with our dignity intact as a normal guest with the hotel management there to wish us “safe travel(s).”

In the end, we were treated not as the unwanted poor stepchildren who had been abandoned on their doorstep by the shameless government in Roma but, as honored guests with full honours and the manager's request that we someday return (when and if we have the funds to pay!) and to pass a request that “you tell your readers about how nice and how friendly are hotel was to you in your stay..”

The hour was late and the volume of drink started to worry even Ricardo and upon his kind suggestion about tomorrow being a long day and that we should return to our suites for a good night's sleep.

POST NOTE:

Tomorrow is to be a fast train to Roma and from there, we will journey home not in the luxury of the Pan Am Clipper...rather it will be on slow, commercial steamer ship.



Emil

SALVATION FINALLY FROM ROMA

I made a point of asking Ricardo (who was still traveling with us) if there were any costs to us in this upcoming adventure and he ensured me that “You will not need to shuffle coal or wash dishes on this passage...Relax!”



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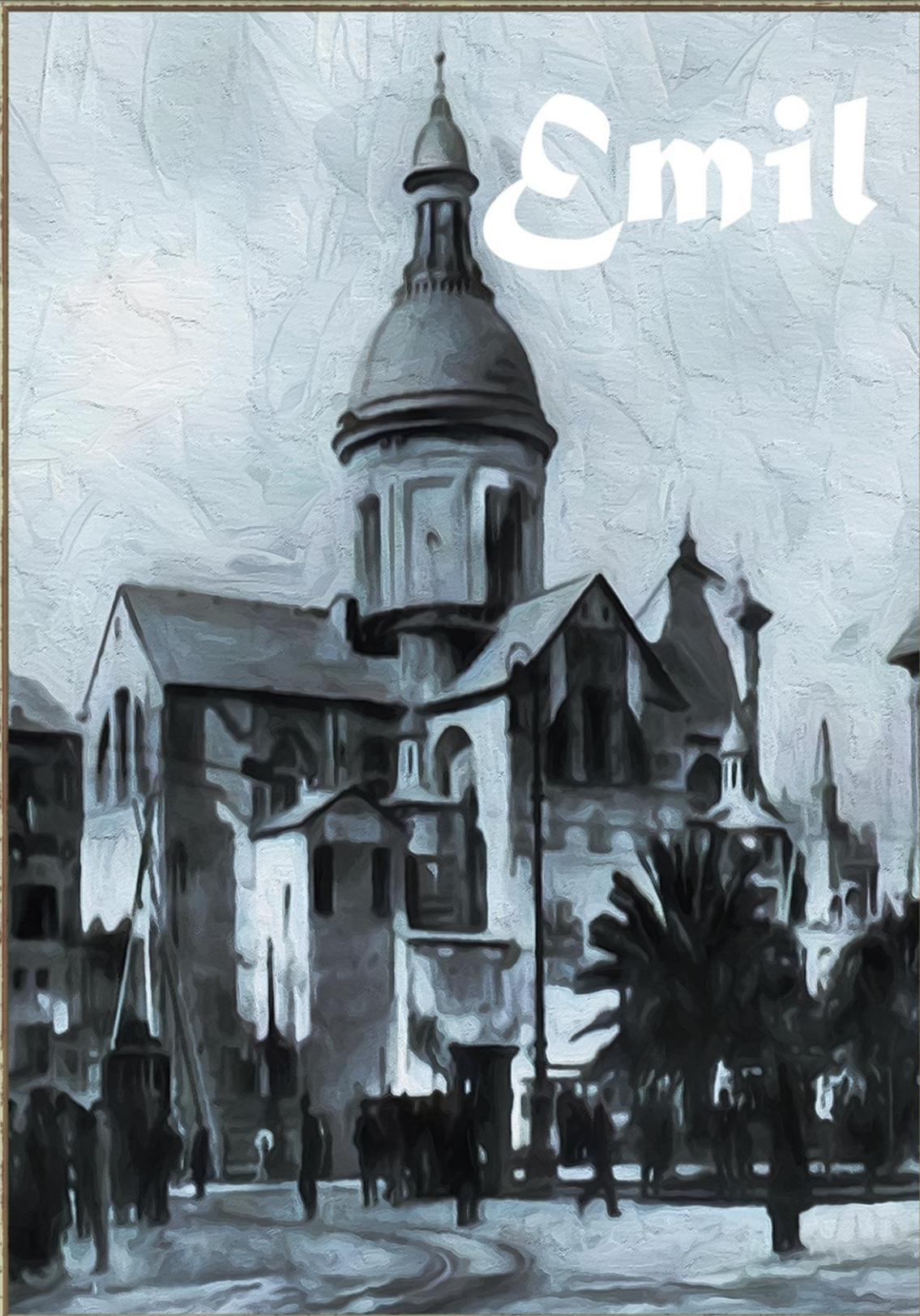


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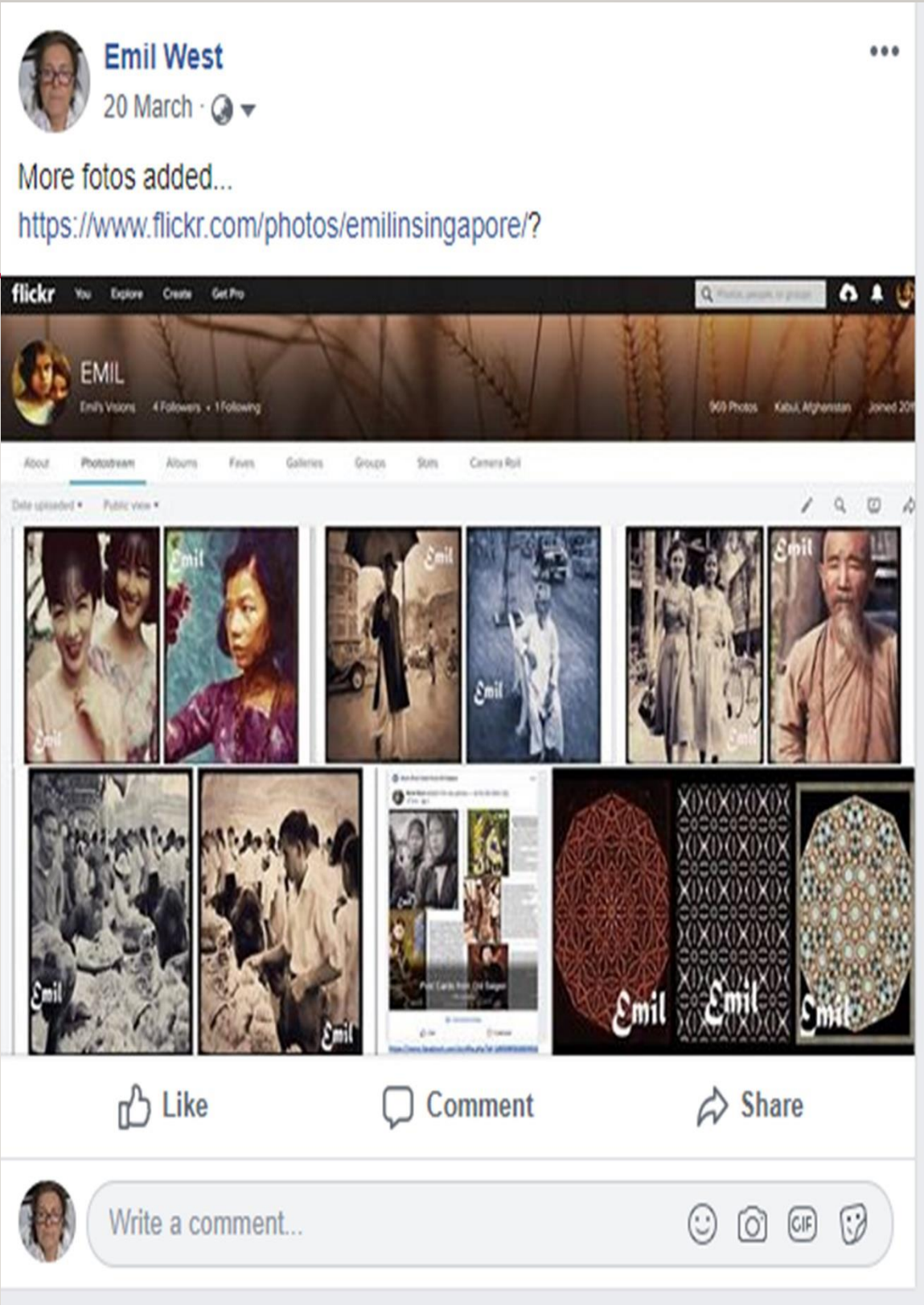
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Intro

Former Peace Corps Volunteer - Thailand 1980 & Programming Executive - IBC TV 1989

Works at WWWG Productions Ltd

Studied West Texas "Don't let the truth stand in the way of a good story..." at Fred Flintstone School of Teaching

Lives in Singapore

From San Diego, California

Joined on April 2015

Create post Photo/Video Live video Life Event

What's on your mind?

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